

And maintaine such a quarrell openly?  
Full well I wote, the ground of all this grudge.  
I would not for a million of Gold,  
The cause were knowne to them it most concerns.  
Nor would your noble mother for much more  
Be so dishonored in the Court of Rome:  
For shame put vp.

*Deme.* Not I, till I haue sheath'd  
My rapier in his bosome, and withall  
Thrust these reprochfull speeches downe his throat,  
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour heere.

*Chi.* For that I am prepar'd, and full resolu'd,  
Foule spoken Coward,  
That thundrest with thy tongue,  
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st performe.

*Aron.* A way I say.  
Now by the Gods that warlike Gothes adore,  
This pretty brabble will vndoo vs all:  
Why Lords, and thinke you not how dangerous  
It is to set vpon a Princes right?  
What is *Lavinia* then become so loose,  
Or *Bassianus* so degenerate,  
That for her loue such quarrels may be broacht,  
Without controulement, Iustice, or reuenge?  
Young Lords beware, and should the Emperesse know,  
This discord ground, the musicke would not please.

*Chi.* I care not I, knew she and all the world,  
I loue *Lavinia* more then all the world.

*Deme.* Youngling,  
Learne thou to make some meaner choise,  
*Lavinia* is thine elder brothers hope.

*Aron.* Why are ye mad? Or know ye not in Rome,  
How furious and impatient they be,  
And cannot brooke Competitors in loue?  
I tell you Lords, you doe but plot your deaths,  
By this deuise.

*Chi.* *Aron*, a thousand deaths would I propose,  
To atchieue her whom I do loue.

*Aron.* To atchieue her, how?

*Deme.* Why, mak'st thou it so strange?  
Shee is a woman, therefore may be woo'd,  
Shee is a woman, therefore may be wonne,  
Shee is *Lavinia* therefore must be lou'd.  
What man, more water glideth by the Mill  
Then worst the Miller of, and easie it is  
Of a cut loose to steale a shiue we know:  
Though *Bassianus* be the Emperours brother,  
Better then he haue worne *Vulcans* badge.

*Aron.* I, and as good as *Saturninus* may.

*Deme.* Then why should he dispaire that knowes to  
With words, faire looks, and liberality: (court it  
What hast not thou full often stricke a Doe,  
And borne her cleanly by the Keepers nose?

*Aron.* Why then it seemes some certaine snatch or so  
Would serue your turnes.

*Chi.* I so the turne were serued.

*Deme.* *Aron* thou hast hit it.

*Aron.* Would you had hit it too,  
Then should not we be tir'd with this adoo:  
Why ha'ke yee, ha'ke yee; and are you such fooles,  
To square for this? Would it offend you then?

*Chi.* Faith not me.

*Deme.* Not me, so I were one.

*Aron.* For shame be friends; & ioyne for that you iar:  
Tis pollicie, and stratageme must doe  
That you affect, and so must you resolute,

That what you cannot as you would atchieue,  
You must perforce accomplish as you may:  
Take this of me, *Lucretia* was not more chaste  
Then this *Lavinia*, *Bassianus* loue,  
A speedier course this lingring languishment  
Must we pursue, and I haue found the path:  
My Lords, a solemne hunting is in hand.  
There will the lovely Roman Ladies troope:  
The Forrest walkes are wide and spacious,  
And many vnfrequented plots there are,  
Fitted by kinde for rape and villanie:  
Single you thither then this dainty Doe,  
And strike her home by force, if not by words:  
This way or not at all, stand you in hope.  
Come, come, our Emperesse with her sacred wit  
To villanie and vengeance consecrate,  
Will we acquaint with all that we intend,  
And she shall file our engines with aduise,  
That will not suffer you to square your selues,  
But to your wishes height aduance you both.  
The Emperours Court is like the house of Fame,  
The pallace full of tongues, of eyes, of eares:  
The Woods are ruthlesse, dreadfull, deafe, and dull:  
There speake, and strike braue Boyes, & take your turnes.  
There serue your lusts, shadow'd from heauens eye,  
And reuell in *Lavinia's* Treasurie.

*Chi.* Thy counsell Lad smells of no cowardise.

*Deme.* *Sifus aut nefas*, till I finde the streames,  
To coole this heat, a Charme to calme their fits,  
*Per Stigia per manes Velor.*

*Enter Titus Andronicus and his three sonnes, making a noise  
with hounds and hornes, and Marcus.*

*Tit.* The hunt is vp, the morne is bright and gray,  
The fields are fragrant, and the Woods are Greene,  
Vncouple heere, and let vs make a bay,  
And wake the Emperour, and his lovely Bride,  
And rouse the Prince, and ring a hunters peale,  
That all the Court may eccho with the noyse.  
Sonnes let it be your charge, as it is ours,  
To attend the Emperours person carefully:  
I haue bene troubled in my sleepe this night,  
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

*Winde Hornes.*

*Heere a cry of houndes, and winde hornes in a peale, then  
Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lavinia, Chiron, De-  
metrius, and their Attendants.*

*Tit.* Many good morrowes to your Maiestie,  
Madam to you as many and as good.

I promised your Grace, a Hunters peale.

*Satur.* And you haue rung it lustily my Lords,

Somewhat to earely for new married Ladies.

*Bass.* *Lavinia*, how say you?

*Lavi.* I say no:

I haue bene awake two houres and more.

*Satur.* Come on then, horse and Chariots let vs haue,  
And to our sport: Madam, now shall ye see,  
Our Romaine hunting.

*Mar.* I haue dogges my Lord,  
Will rouse the proudest Panther in the Chase,  
And clime the highest P omontary top.

*Tit.* And I haue horse will follow where the game  
Makes way, and runnes likes Swallowes ore the plaine  
*Deme.* *Chiron*

*Deme.* *Chiron* we hunt not we, with Horse nor Hound  
But hope to plucke a dainty Doe to ground. *Exeunt*

*Enter Aaron alone.*

*Aron.* He that had wit, would thinke that I had none,  
To bury so much Gold vnder a Tree,  
And neuer after to inherit it.  
Let him that thinks of me so abiectly,  
Know that this Gold must coine a stratageme,  
Which cunningly effected, will beget  
A very excellent peece of villany:  
And so repose sweet Gold for their vnrest,  
That haue their Almes out of the Emperesse Chest.

*Enter Tamora to the Moore.*

*Tamo.* My lovely *Aaron*,  
Wherefore look'st thou sad,  
When every thing doth make a Gleefull boast?  
The Birds chaunt melody on euery bush,  
The Snake lies rolled in the chearefull Sunne,  
The Greene leaues quier with the cooling winde,  
And make a cheker'd shadow on the ground:  
Vnder their sweete shade, *Aron* let vs sit,  
And whilest the babling Echo mock's the Hounds,  
Replying shrilly to the well iud-Hornes,  
As if a double hunt were heard at once,  
Let vs sit downe, and make their yelping noyse:  
And after conflict, such as was suppos'd,  
The wandering Prince and *Dido* once enioy'd,  
When with a happy storme they were surpris'd,  
And Curtain'd with a Counsaile-keeping Caue,  
We may each wreathed in the others armes,  
(Our pastimes done) possesse a Golden slumber,  
Whiles Hounds and Hornes, and sweet Melodious Birds  
Be vnto vs, as is a Nurses Song  
Of Lullabye, to bring her Babe asleepe.

*Aron.* Madame,  
Though *Venus* gouerne your desires,  
*Saturne* is Dominator ouer mine:  
What signifies my deadly standing eye,  
My silence, and my Cloudy Melancholie,  
My fleecce of Woolly haire, that now vncurles,  
Euen as an Adder when she doth vnrowle  
To do some fatall execution?  
No Madam, these are no Veneriall signes,  
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,  
Blood, and reuenge, are Hammering in my head.  
Ha'ke *Tamora*, the Emperesse of my Soule,  
Which neuer hopes more heauen, then rests in thee,  
This is the day of Doome for *Bassianus*;  
His *Philomel* must loose her tongue to day,  
Thy Sonnes make Pillage of her Chastity,  
And wash their hands in *Bassianus* blood.  
Seest thou this Letter, take it vp I pray thee,  
And giue the King this fatall plotted Scrowle,  
Now question me no more, we are espied,  
Heere comes a parcell of our hopefull Booty,  
Which dreads not yet their liues destruction.

*Enter Bassianus and Lavinia.*

*Tamo.* Ah my sweet *Moore*:  
Sweeter to me then life.

*Aron.* No more great Emperesse, *Bassianus* comes,  
Be crosse with him, and Ile goe fetch thy Sonnes  
To backe thy quarrell what so ere they be.

*Bass.* Whom haue we heere?  
Romes Royall Emperesse,